

Billy Was Never Wanted by Memessavedme

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Billy was never wanted, not really. His mother's excitement for a child disappeared during her second trimester when Neil threw a glass across the kitchen because she had come home late. When he was born she saw hope and joy in his big blue eyes and blond curls, no resemblance of his father. Except, it was Billy that caused problems. Not on purpose of course, but spillages and crying lead to arguments and anger directed at her.

Billy was never wanted, he realised at the age of 10 when his mother finally stopped calling. The promises of coming to get him gone just as she was. Neil didn't want to be a single father, only liked the image of a perfect little family so he married Susan. Hid Billy away until it was too late to run away from the now anger filled teenager. Max wanted a big brother but soon decided Billy wasn't that at all.

Billy was never wanted so he lashed out at the world, listened to loud music and got drunk under beach piers with people who didn't want him either. He went after boys who he would look at him like they wanted him, that sweet moment after he had done whatever it took to get that look. But it faded just as quickly as it was there, replaced by the want of his body or his mouth. Not himself at all.

Billy was never wanted by anyone he had met, not family, teachers or even his friends. Most of whom were there to simply take advantage of the fact he looked old enough to get beer for them or who saw the mask he wore. Not the real scared and damaged boy who wanted nothing more than to be wanted by someone, anyone.

Billy was never wanted, not by people nor the world. His attraction to men, a dangerous fact he hid so well until he didn't. Until his father caught him with a boy between his legs and dragged him half way across the country, after reminding him just how dangerous of a fact it was.

Billy was never wanted until he could offer something, status or a fantasy he himself believed at times. Followed around by "friends"

who wanted to be him, to take the form of whatever bullshit he was selling that year. The difference between want and envy becoming more and more clear as his jawline grew in and the weights took affect.

Billy was never wanted until he was. Until he woke up to the sound of a familiar voice arguing about someone. Turned his head to see none other Steve telling a nurse that she couldn't call home, that if she wanted Billy to be safe she would send him the bill and he would sort it out.

Steve wanted Billy more than anything he could remember before pushing him up against his car outside of the SnowBall, the air cold but Billy so warm. He had practically dragged him into the ER after finding him half dead on his doorstep, bruises and blood covering his face as he tried to stand to greet him.

Steve wanted Billy to be safe, away from harm but he left him every night to go right back into it. His body so beaten he was genuinely scared he might die. Die at the hands of his own father, someone Steve hoped he would run into sooner or later in public. Somewhere he could say whatever he needed to without the threat of his violence, the anger he saved for Billy. The anger Steve wished at times he could take the brunt of to save Billy from it. Just for a moment.

Billy was never wanted until he realised he actually was, that the look of pure exhaustion on Steve's face as he wrote down his own information in place of Billy's to save him from his father finding out let him know that Steve wanted him. Not just for sex but for himself. He wanted him in everyway possible and that almost sent him into some sort of panic.

No one had wanted Billy, not really. Until Steve did, well and truly. He wanted Billy by his side until he couldn't remember his own name or the sky fell ontop of them, nothing more or less would be enough.

Steve wanted Billy because he saw the scared and damaged boy underneath the mask, a boy who reminded him of himself. The boy who acted mean and tough but who really just wanted someone to be there for them, to want them. So when he drove Billy back home that

night, bandaged and medicated he didn't let go of his hand once.

Steve wanted to make sure Billy would never disappear like so many others had, keep him close and safe because he wanted him as he was. Flawed and all because that was who Billy was, a better person than everyone else had allowed him to be.

Billy was wanted by the person who would make sure he would one day feel nothing more than safe and loved. Steve helped him inside, the pain killers only doing so much and put him down on the sofa. Locked the door and let him curl into him as he ran his fingers through his hair. Told him everything and anything he could think of to distract him from the pain, sweet nothings that he didn't even filter because eventually he said it. "I love you so much Billy, I hope you know that."

Steve wanted Billy to know that, know he wanted him more than anything. Except, Billy was finally asleep but he had time yet to let him know, let him know he was wanted more than he could ever imagine.